

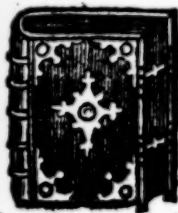
*new Poem*

# P O E M S.

BY

J. C.

With Additions, never  
before Printed.



Printed in the Yeare  
1653.

++  
A

T

U  
U

On

U

To

Sq

U

U

A

To

Aj

A

Sm

Th

Th

Th

Th

Ru

Ep

Ep

A brief Table of the POEMS and  
CHARACTERS.

As also of LETTERS received, and  
Answers thereunto.

## The Senses Festival.

**The Hecatomb to his Mistress.**

*Upon Sir Thomas Martin.*

*Upon the Memory of Mr. Edward King drown'd in  
the Irish Seas.*

On the same.

*Upote* an Hermaphrodite. (H. Compton.)

To the Hectors, upon the unfortunate death of  
Square-Cap.

*Upon Phillis walking in a morning before Sun-rising.*

Upon a Miser that made a great Feast, and the next day died for grief.

*A young Man to an old Woman courting him.*

To Mrs. K. T. who askt him why he was dumb.

*A fair Nymph scorning a black Boy courting her.*

A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. in the Oath.  
Smeſtymnus, or the Club-Divine.

*The next Assembly.*

*The Kings disguise.*

*The Rebel Scot.*

### The Scots Apostasy.

**Rupertious,**

*Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford.*

**Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis Straffordii, &c.**

## The Table.

*On the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.*

*On J. W. A. B. of York.*

*Mark Anthony.*

*The Authors Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.*

*How the Commencement grows new.*

*The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.*

*The Antiplatonick.*

*Fuscara, or the Bee Errant.*

*Maries Spikenard.*

*Julia to expedite her promise.*

*Chronostichon Decollationis Caroli Regis, &c.*

*Upon King Charles.*

*Upon the best of Men and meekest of Martyrs, &c,*

*Upon the death of King Charles,*

*The Character of a London-Diurnall.*

*The Character of a Country Committee-man, with the  
Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.*

*A Letter to a Friend, dissuading him from his attempt  
to marry a Nunn.*

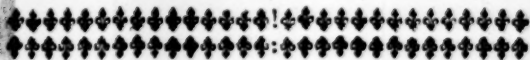
*Two severall Letters written to I. C.*

*I. C. his Answer to each particular Letter.*

---

TO





TO THE  
 STATE of LOVE.  
 OR,  
*The Senses Festivall.*

I Saw a vision yester-night  
 Enough to tempt a *Seekers* sight :  
 I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,  
 And her quick pulse my trembling Sphear.  
 b that was a she so glittering bright :  
 You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.  
 imp A person of so rare a frame,  
 Her body might be lin'd with'same,  
 Beauties chiefest Maid of Honour ;  
 You'd break a Lent with looking on her.  
 Not the fair, Abbess of the skies,  
 With all her Nunnery of eyes,  
 Can shew me such a glorious prize.  
 And yet, because 'tis more renown  
 To make a shadow shine, she's brown ;  
 A brown, for which, heaven would disband  
 The Gallaxye, and stars be tann'd.  
 Orown by reflection, as her eye  
 Dazells the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows must confesse,  
 Her beams their glimering spectacles;  
 Struck with the splendor of her face,  
 Do'th office of a burning-glasse.

Now where such radiant lights have shown,  
 No wonder if her cheeks be grown  
 Snn-burnt with luster of her own.  
 My sight took pay, but (thank my charms)  
 I now empale her in mine armes,  
 (Loves compasses) confining you  
 Good Angels to a compasse too.  
 Is not the Universe straight-lac't,  
 When I can claspe it in the wast?  
 My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd  
 With *Drake*, I compasse in the World;  
 I hoop the firmament, and make  
 This my embrace the Zodiack.

How would thy Center take my sence,  
 When admiration doth commence,  
 At the extream circumference!  
 Now to the melting kisse that sips  
 The jelly'd Philtre of her lips  
 So sweet there is no tongue can prais't,  
 Till transubstantiate with a taste,  
 Inspir'd like *Mahomet* from above,  
 By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;  
 Love prints her Signets in her smacks,  
 Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax;  
 Which wheresoever she imparts,  
 They're Privie Seales to wake up hearts.

Our mouthes encountering at the sport,  
 My slippery soul had quit the fort,  
 But that she stopt the Sally-port.  
 Next to those sweets her lips dispence,  
 As twin-conserves of eloquence,  
 The sweet perfume her breath affords;  
 Incorporating with her words;  
 No Rosary this votresse needs,  
 Her very syllables are beads.  
 No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born:  
 But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.  
 With what delight her speech doth enter,  
 It is a kisse eath' second venter.  
 And I dissolve at what I hear,  
 As if another *Rosomond* were  
 Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.  
 Yet, that's but a preludious blisse;  
 Two souls pickearing in a kisse.  
 Embraces do but draw the line,  
 'Tis storming that must take her in.  
 When bodies whine, and victory hovers  
 'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,  
 This is the game, make stakes my dear,  
 Hark how the spritely *Chanticleere*,  
 That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,  
 Sounds *Boot-esel* to *Cupid's* knight.  
 Then have at all, the passe is got,  
 For coming off, oh name it not:  
 Who would not die upon the spot!

THE  
HECATOMB

TO HIS  
MISTRESSE.

**B**E dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade.  
 Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be splaid.  
 Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase  
 Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias  
 Of shrine, saint, sacriledge, and such as these  
 Expressions, common as their Mistresses.  
 Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,  
 My text defeats your art, ties Natures tongue,  
 Scorns all his tinsil'd metaphors of pelf,  
 Illustrated by nothing but his self.  
 As Spiders travell by their bowels spun  
 Into a thread, and when the race is run,  
 Wind up their journey in a living clew,  
 So is it with my Poetry and you.  
 From your own essence must I first untwine,  
 Then twist againe each Panegerick line.  
 Reach then a soaring quill, that I may write,  
 As with a Jacobs staff to take the height.  
 Suppose an Angel darting through the air,  
 Should there encounter a religious prayer  
 Mounting to heaven, that intelligence  
 Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense

Into a body. Let me crack a string  
In venturing higher; were the note I sing,  
Above heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,  
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* sound agen,  
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,  
Nor find an Epethite to let it forth.  
Mettrals may blazon common beauties; She  
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldy.  
As then a purer substance is defin'd,  
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;  
Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry  
It hath no matter, no mortality,  
So can I not define how sweet, how fair,  
Onely I say she's not as others are.  
For what perfection we to others grant,  
It is her sole perfection to want.  
All other formes seem in respect of thee  
The Almanacks mishap'd Anatomy,  
Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;  
The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:  
A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are  
Their namesak'd signes in their strange character.  
As the Philosophers to every sence  
Marry it's object, yet with some dispence,  
And grant them a poligamy withall,  
And these their common sensibiles they call:  
So is't with her, who stinted unto none,  
Unites all Sences in each action.  
The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,  
Is both to hear and feel, to taste and smel.

For can you want a palate in your eyes,  
 When each of his contains a double prize,  
 VVhen his apple? can th' eyes want nose,  
 VVhen from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Rose?  
 Or can the sight be deaf if she but speak,  
 A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?  
 Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel  
 VVhich spares the bodies sheath, and melts the steel?  
 Thy soul must needs confesse, or grant thy sence  
 Corrupted with the objects excellence,  
 Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lie  
 Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.  
 In whom, since all the five are intermixt,  
 Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!  
 Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She  
 Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidie,  
 VVose language is a Tax, whose Musk-cat verse  
 Voides nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,  
 Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice  
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise:  
 And with Divines hunt with so cold a scent,  
 Canst in her bosome find it resident.  
 Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,  
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.  
 Say the Astrologer, who spels the stars,  
 In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,  
 Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye  
 Interprets heavens Physiognomy.  
 Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,  
 And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Physicians : call her the *Square* Circle, say  
She is the very rule of *Algebra* :  
What ere you undertake not, say't of her,  
For that's the way to write her Character.  
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise  
Thy fancie so as to inclose her praise,  
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,  
*Hyperbolies* are here but sacrilege.  
Then rouse up Muse, what thou hast reveal'd out,  
Some comments clear not, but increase the doubt,  
She that affords poor mortals not a glance  
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:  
She that commits a rape on every sence,  
Whose breath can countermand a pestilence ;  
She that can strike the best invention dead,  
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head :  
She, she it is, she that contains all bliss,  
And makes the world but her Periphrasis.

---

Upon

## UPON

Sir THOMAS MARTIN,  
Who subscribed a Warrant thus.

*We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Com-  
mittee, &c. When there was no  
Knight but himself.*

**H**Ang out a flag, and gather pence a piece  
(Which *Affrick* never bred, nor swelling *Greece*  
With stories Timpany) a beast so rare  
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartlemew* fare  
Can match him; natures whimsey, one that out-vies  
*Tredeskin* and his ark of Novelties.  
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious sights  
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:  
But is this bigamy of titles due?  
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too?  
*Issachar couchant* 'twixt a brace of Sirs,  
Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.  
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike leather,  
Like *Valentiné* and *Oyson* bound together.  
Spurs representative! thou that art able  
To be a *Po-der* to King *Arthurs Table*:  
Who in this sacrilegious masse of all,  
It seems ha's swallowed *Windsors* Hospitall.



Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen :  
*Hercules* labours were a Bakers dozen.  
 Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck  
 Might well have answered at the Font for *Smek*;  
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie,  
 Mettall on mettali is ill Armory.  
 And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bullion*'s coat  
 Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.  
 Great spirits move not by pedantick laws  
 Their actions, though eccentrick, state the cause,  
 And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cesar* thus  
 Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.  
*Tom* never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,  
 Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy ?  
 Fond man ! whose fate is in his name betrai'd,  
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade ;  
 But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he  
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

*On the memory of Mr. Edward King,  
drown'd in the Irish Sea.*

**I** Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize  
His artificiall grief who scans his eyes,  
Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I  
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?  
I am no Poet here; my pen's the spout  
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out  
In pitty of that Name, whose fate we see  
Thus copied out in griefs Hydrography:  
The Muses are not Mair-maids, though upon  
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.  
The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't  
With *Xerxes* strives to fetter th' *Hielepont*.  
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws  
To guide their streams; but (like the waves their  
Run with disturbance, till they swallow me (cause)  
As a description of his misery.  
But can his spacious virtue find a grave  
Within th' imposthum'd bubble of a wave?  
Whose learning if wee sound, we must confesse  
The sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.  
Could not the wind to counter-mand thy death,  
With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy breath?  
Or some new Island in thy rescue peep,  
To heave thy resurrection from the deep!  
That so the world might see thy safety wrought,  
With no lesse wonder than thy self was thought.

The

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life  
 Had nature as familiar as his wife,  
 Bequeath'd his Widdow to survive with t' *oe*,  
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophy:  
 An ominous Legacy, that did portend  
 Thy fate and Predecessors second end:  
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,  
 The Sea can parralell in shape and kind:  
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee  
*Neptune* hath got an University.

Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to see  
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality  
 Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-men prize  
 His shipwrack now more than his merchandize.  
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe  
 As to a Royaller Exchange shall come.  
 What can we now expect? water and fire;  
 Both elements our ruine do conspire:  
 And that dissolves us which doth us compound,  
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.  
 We of the Gown our Libraries must toss.  
 To understand the greatness of our loss,  
 Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow  
 In learning, as our sorrows overflow.  
 When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,  
 We'll issu't forth, and vent such Elegies,  
 As that our tears shall seem the *Iris* Seas,  
 We floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

## On the same.

**T**ell me no more of *Stoicks*: canst thou tell  
Who 'twas, that when the waves began to swell,  
The Ship to sink, sad passengers to call,  
[Master we perish] slept secure of all?  
Remember this, and him that waking kept,  
A mind as constant as he did that slept.  
Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love,  
That went to Heaven, and to those flames above  
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? since I heard  
Who 'twas that on his knees the Vessell steer'd  
With hands bolt up to Heaven, since I see  
As yet no sign of his mortality;  
pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone  
The self-same journey in a watry one.

---

Upon

Upon an  
HERMAPHRODITE.

well, Sir, or Madam, chuse you whether,  
 Nature twist'd you both together :  
 And makes thy soul two garbs confesse,  
 Both petticoat and breeches dresse.  
 Thus we chastise the God of Wine,  
 With water that is feminine,  
 Untill the cooler Nymph abate  
 His wrath, and so concorporate.  
*Adam* till his rib was lost,  
 Had both Sexes thus ingroft :  
 When Providence our Sire did cleave,  
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,  
 Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,  
 To make his body up compleat :  
 Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*  
 In a grave solemnity.  
 For man and wife make but one right  
 Canonickall *Hermaphrodite* :  
 Ravel thy body, and I find  
 In every limb a double kind.  
 Who would not think that head a pair  
 That breeds such factions in the hair?  
 One half so churlish in the touch,  
 That rather than endure so much,  
 It would my tender limbs apparrell  
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrell :

But the other half so small,  
 And so amorous withall,  
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow  
 A string for his invis'ble bow.  
 When I look babies in thine eyes,  
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.  
 And though thy beauty be high noon,  
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon :  
 How many melting kisses skip  
 'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?  
 'Twixt thy upper brush of hair  
 And thy nether beards despaire?  
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong  
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue :  
 But in every single sound  
 A perfect Dialogue is found :  
 Thy breasts distinguish one another ;  
 This the sister, that the Brother.  
 When thou joyn'st hands, my ear still fancies  
 The Nuptiall sound, I *Joh<sup>n</sup>* take *Fraxces* :  
 Feel but the difference, soft, and rough,  
 This is a Gantlet, that a Muff :  
 Had fly *Ulysses* at the sack  
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,  
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*  
 From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,  
 His plot had fail'd ; this hand would feel  
 The needle, that the warlike steel.  
 When musick doth thy pace advance,  
 Thy right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,  
 But a mixt daunce though alone :  
 Thus every heteroclite part  
 Changes gender, not the heart.  
 Nay those which modesty can mean,  
 And dare not speak, are Epicœne ;  
 That gamster needs must overcome,  
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.  
 Thus did Natures mintage vary,  
 Coyning thee a *Phillip* and *Mary*.

---

## The Authors

### HERMAPHRODITE.

*Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet insert-  
 ed into his P O E M S.*

**P**Robleme of Sexes ; must thou likewise be .  
 As disputable in thy pedigree ?  
 Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries  
 To throw lesse than *Aums* ace upon two Dice :  
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather  
 To split thy Sire into a double father ?  
 True, the worlds scales are even : what the main  
 In one place gets, another quits again  
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must  
 Slice one in two to keep her number just :

plurality of livings is thy state,  
 And therefore mine must be improprieate.  
 For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim  
 Is intercepted by anothers name,  
 Never did steeple carry double truer,  
 His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.  
 Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)  
 Who 'tis that fime doth super-institute.  
 The *Theban* Wittall, when he once descrites,  
*Jove* is his rivall, falls to sacrifice:  
 That name hath tipt his horns: see on his knees;  
 A health to Hans-en Kelder *Hercules*.  
 Nay sublunary cuckolds are content  
 To entertaine their fate with complement;  
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns  
 To quarter with his Muse both armes and brains?  
 Grammercy Goslip, I rejoyce to see  
 Shee'th got a leap of such a Barbary.  
 Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;  
 For since the Muses left their former nest,  
 To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,  
 Cuckold *Parnassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,  
 And brings the worms for his compurgators.  
 Can Ghost have naturall sons? say *Ogg*, is't meet,  
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?  
 Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind  
 May seem to prove, being there's two cowbin'd)  
 It would disclaim my right, and that it were  
 The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.



But was he dead ? did not his soul translate  
 Herself into a shop of lesser rate ?  
 Or break up house, like an expensive Lord,  
 That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board ?  
 Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp,  
 And still there's hopes 't may prove his bastard imp:  
 But I'me prophane ; For grant the world had one,  
 With whom he might contract an union,  
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,  
 I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.

For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,  
 Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoe're you are,  
 You are a nephew, grieve not at your state,  
 For all the world is illegitimate.

Man cannot get a man, unlesse the Sun  
 Club to the act of generation.

The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I  
 Are the joynt fathers of thy Poetry.

For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but mine,  
 O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine :

Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,  
 So shall it be thy son, and yet my daughter.

To the H E C T O R S, upon the unfor-  
 tunate death of H. C O M P T O N.

**Y**OU Hectors ! tame professors of the Sword;  
 Who in the chair state Duels, whose black words

Bewiches courage, and like Devils too  
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight and do.  
Who on your errand our best Spirits send,  
Not to kill Swine or Cows, but man and friend;  
Who are an whole Court-Martial in your drink,  
And dispute Honour, when you cannot think  
Not orderly, but prate out valour as  
You grow inspir'd by th' oracle of the Glas;  
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down  
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.  
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can discern  
Spirits, who's fit to act and who to learn,  
Who shall be baffled next, who must be beat,  
Who kill'd; that you may drink, and swear, and eat:  
Whilst you applaud those murthers which you teach,  
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.

Meer booty soules! Who bid us fight a prize  
To feast the laughter of our enemies?  
Who shout, and clap at wounds, count it pure gain,  
Meer providence, to hear a *Compton's* slain.  
A name they dearly hate, and justly; should (bloud;  
They lov't 'twere worse, their love would taint the  
Bloud alwayes true, true as their swords and cause,  
And never vainly lost, till your wild Lawes  
Scandall'd their actions in this person, who  
Truely durst more than you dare think to do.  
A man made up of graces, every Move  
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love  
From all but him who kill'd him, who seeks a grave,  
And feares a Death more shameful than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors ! you whom tyrant drink  
 Drags thrice about the Town ; what do you think ?  
 (If you be sober) Is it vallour ? say !  
 To overcome, and then to run away.  
 Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one,  
 Both are repented of as soon as done.

---

## Square Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing girl,  
 And in a whole *Hipocrine* of sherry  
 Let's drink a round till our braines do whirl,  
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry ;  
 A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus*-like, born of the froth,  
 Of an old half-fill'd Jug of barley broth ;  
 She she's my Mistresse, her Suiters are many,  
 But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first, for the Plush sake, the *Munmouth-cap*  
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle. (comes.  
 With his new fangled oath, by *Jupiters thumbs*,  
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle :  
 He tels her that after the death of his Grannam,  
 He shall have God knows what *per annum* :  
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,  
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then Calot *Leather-cap* strongly pleades,  
 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion :  
 The *Antipodes* wear their shooes on their heads,  
 And why may not we in their imitation ?  
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,  
 If it were but well tofs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.  
 But still she repli'd, good Sir La-bee,  
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,  
 With a long wasted conscience towards a Sister,  
 And making a chappell of ease of her lap,  
 First he said grace, and then he kist her.  
 Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,  
 Then falls he to Use and Application next ;  
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be,  
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where *Sattain-cap* scouts about, (marry ;  
 And faine would this wench in his fellowship  
 He told her how such a man was not put out,  
 Because his wedding he closely hid carry,  
 Hee'l purchase Induction by Simony,  
 And offers her money her incumbent to be.  
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,  
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *Round-cap*,  
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided ;

The one milks the pocket, the other the tap;  
 And yet this wench he fain would have brided.  
 Come leave these thred bare Scholars, quoth he,  
 And give me livery and seison of thee:  
 But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leav your Oration,  
 For I never will be your Impropriation.  
 I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;  
 For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

---

Upon PHILLIS walking in a  
*Morning before Sun-rising.*

**T**He sluggish morn' as yet undrest,  
 My *Philis* brake from out her East,  
 As if shee'd made a match to run  
 With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.  
 The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,  
 Serving more for pomp than ward,  
 Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,  
 Wave branches to enclose her beauty.  
 The plants, whose luxury was lopt,  
 Or age with crutches underpropt,  
 Whose wooden carkases are grown  
 To be but coffins of their own,  
 Revive, and at her generall dole  
 Each receives his ancient soul.  
 The winged Choresters began  
 To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan

Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid,  
 Unto their Voluntaries made  
 The wak'ned earth in odours rise  
 To be her morning Sacrifice,  
 The flowers call'd out of their beds,  
 Start and raise up their drowsie heads,  
 And he that for their colour seeks,  
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,  
 Where Roses mix : no civill war  
 Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.  
 The Marigold, whose Courtiers face  
 Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace  
 Her at his rise, at his full stop  
 packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop ;  
 Mistakes her kue, and doth display ;  
 Thus *Phillis* antedates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,  
 Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,  
 Powders with light his friz'led locks,  
 To see what Saints his lustre mocks.  
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid,  
 Dapling the walk with light and shade,  
 Like lattice-windows, give the spy  
 Room but to peep with half an eye,  
 Least her full Orb his sight should dim,  
 And bids us all good-night in him,  
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,  
 To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what religious Palsie's this,  
 Which makes the boughs divest their blisse ?

And

And that they might her footsteps straw  
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.  
*Phillis* perceives, (and least her stay  
 Should wed *October* unto *May*;  
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,  
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)  
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,  
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

---

Upon a M I S E R that made a great  
*feast, and the next day died for grief.*

N Or escapes he so : our dinner was so good,  
 My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud :  
 And what delight she took in th' imitation,  
 Strives to cast o're again in this relation.

After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhyme,  
 Not for devotion but to take up time,  
 March'd the traird-band of dishes usher'd there,  
 To shew their postures, and then *as they were*.  
 For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye  
 He will afford the lovers gluttony ;  
 This is a feast, a Muster, not a fight,  
 Our weapons not for service but for sight.

But are we Tantaliz'd ? is all this meat  
 Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat ?  
 Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup  
 On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.

What-

Whatever feasts be made are sum'd up here,  
 His table vyes not standing with his chear.  
 His Churchings, Christnings, in this meal are all,  
 And not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall.  
 Christmas is no feast moveable : for lo  
 The self-same dinner was ten yeares ago ;  
 \*I will be immortall, if it longer stay,  
 The gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while unlesse my whinyard fail,  
 Or is enchanted, I'll cut off th' intail.  
*Saint George for England* then, have at the Mutton,  
 When the first cut calls me bloud-thirsty glutton :  
 What *Ajax*, with his anger quodl'd brain  
 Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain,  
 The fiction's now prov'd true ; wounding his roost,  
 I lamentably butcher up mine host :  
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon  
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.  
 Cut a Goose leg, and the poor soul for moan  
 Turns cripple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard the abominable sport,  
 A *Launcester* Grand-Jury will report ?  
 The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,  
 The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*  
 Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charm  
 proves the next day such an old womans arm :  
 \*Tis so with him, whose carcase never scapes,  
 But still we stash them in a thousand shapes :  
 Our serving-men, like Spanniels range, to spring  
 The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.  
 Should



Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,  
It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.

To pork he pleads a superstition due,  
But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew.  
Sauces we should have none, had he his wish,  
The Oranges i'th margent of the dish,  
He with such Hucsters tell them o're and o're,  
Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now into despair,  
Having nought else to do he falls to prayer.  
As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,  
And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,  
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef  
May live to comfort me, in all this grief.  
But no *Amen* was said : See, see it comes,  
Draw boyes, let trumpets sound, and strike up drums;  
See how his blood doth with the gravy swim,  
And every trencher has a limb of him.

The Ven'fons now in view, our hounds spend deeper.  
Strange Deer which in the Pasty hath a keeper  
Stricter than in the Park, making his guest  
(As he hath stoln't alive) to steal it drest:  
The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,  
Than *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Master,  
A double prey at once may seize upon,  
*Acteon* and his Case of Venison :

Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse,  
Death serves him up now as a second course.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies ear,  
He would have liv'd onely to save his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Woman  
*Courting him.*

**P**Eace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy suit;  
 There's no temptation in such fruit.  
 No rotten Medlers, whilst there be  
 Whole Orchards in Virginity.  
 Thy stock is too much out of date  
 For tender plants t'incubate.  
 A match with thee thy bridgroom feares,  
 Would be thought interest in his yeares.  
 Which when compar'd to thine, become  
 Odd money to thy Grandam summe.  
 Can Wedlock know so great a curse  
 As putting Husbands out to Nurse?  
 How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake  
 And cry new Almanacks for our sake?  
 Time sure hath wheel'd about this year,  
*December* meeting *Janiver*.  
 Th' *Egyptian* Serpent figures time,  
 And stript, returns unto his prime:  
 If my affection thou would'st win,  
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.  
 My modern lips know not (alack)  
 The old Religion of thy smack  
 I count that primitive imbrace,  
 As out of fashion as thy face.  
 And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,  
 Thy fornication's classicall.

Our sports will differ, thou may'st play  
*Leero*, and I *Alphonso* way.

I'me no translator, have no vein

To turn a woman young againe :

Unlesse you'l grant the Taylor's due,

To see the fore-bodies be new :

I love to wear clothes that are flush,

Not prefacing old rags with plush :

Like Aldermen, or Monster-Sheriffs,

With canvas backs, and velvet-sleeves.

And just such discord there would be

Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.

Go study salve and treacle, ply

Your tennants leg, or his sore eye ;

Thus Matrons purchase credit, thank

Six penni-worth of Mountebank.

Or chew thy cood on some delight

Thou takest in thy *Eighty Eight*.

Or be but bed-rid once, and then

Thou'lt dream thy youthfull sins agen.

But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,

First hearken and attend my vowes.

*When Aetna's fires shall undergo*

*The penance of the Alps in snow :*

*When Sol at one blast of his horn*

*Posts from the Crab to Capricorn,*

*When th' heavens shuffle all in one,*

*The Torrid with the frozen Zone ;*

*When all these contradictions meet,*

*Then (Sybill) thou and I will greet.*

*For all these similes do hold  
 In my young heat and thy dull cold;  
 Then if a Feaver be so good  
 A Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,  
 Hymen shall twist thee, and thy page  
 The distinct Tropick of mans age.*

Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,  
 I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.  
 I'le never be 'stead of a lover,  
 An aged Chronicles new cover.

---

To Mrs. K. T. who askt him  
*why he was Dumb.*

**S**Tay, should I answer (Lady) then  
 In vain would be your question.  
 Should I be dumb, why then again  
 Your asking me would be in vain.  
 Silence nor speech (on neither hand)  
 Can satisfie this strange demand.  
 Yet since your will throwes me upon  
 This wished contradiction,  
 I'le tell you how I did become  
 So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,  
 'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,  
 For heat of conscience all men hold,  
 Is th' onely way to catch their cold :

How should loves zealot then forbear  
To be your silenc'd Minister ?  
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant  
A worship due to you my Saint,  
Yet counts it that devotion wrong  
That does it in the vulgar tongue.  
My ruder words would give offence  
To such an hallow'd excellence :  
As th' English Dialect would vary  
The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speak, that twice am checkt  
By this and that religious Sect ?  
Still dumb, and in your face I spy  
Still cause, and still Divinity !  
As soon as blest with your salute,  
My manners taught me to be mute ?  
For, least they cancel all the blisse,  
You sign'd with so divine a kisse,  
The lips you seal must needs consent  
Unto the tongues imprisonment.  
My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise  
With a strange *E-la* to my eyes,  
Where it gets hail, and in that sense  
Begins a new-found Eloquence :

Oh listen with attentive sight  
To what my prating eyes indite :  
Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choise,  
To give, or to suspend my voice,  
With the same key set ope the door  
Wherewith you lockt it fast before;

Kisse once again, and when you thus  
Have doubly been miraculous,  
My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty,  
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbnesse now confines,  
But meanes to speak the rest by signes.

I. C.

A Fair N Y M P H scorning a Black  
Boy Courting her.

*Nymph.* S T and off, and let me take the air,  
Why should the smoak pursue the fair ?

*Boy.* My face is smoak, thence may be guess't  
What flames within have scorch'd my brest :

*Nymph.* The flame of love I cannot view,  
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

*Boy.* And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,  
Surer than yours that's of white paper.  
What ever midnight hath been here,  
The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

*Nymph.* My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,  
If thou should'st interpose thy shade.

*Boy.* Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,  
Buy for me a new false Mask.

*Nymph.* Yes : but my bargain shall be this,  
I'll throw my Mask off when I kisse.

*Boy.*

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces shall delight,  
To checquer limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guesse,  
Our Nuptial bed will make a presse;  
And in our sports, if any came,  
They'l read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?  
Let the dark shop commend thy ware:  
Or if thy love from black forbears,  
I'll strive to wash it off with teares.

Nymph. Spare fruitlesse teares, since thou must needs  
Still wear about the mourning weeds:  
Teares can no more affection win,  
Than wash thy Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS  
*upon the &c. in the OATH.*

Sir Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,  
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;  
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict accompt,  
To twenty Nobles and his Vailes amount;  
Fed on the common of the female charity,  
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;  
So shotten, that his soul like to himself,  
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,  
Encount'ring with a brother of the Cloth,  
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath:

The Quarrel was a strange mis-shapen Monster,  
 &c. (God blesse us) which they conster,  
 The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,  
 The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neast  
 Of young *Apocriphaes*, the fashion  
 Of a new mental Reservation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other  
 Winks and expounds, saying, My pious brother,  
 Harken with reverence ; for the point is nice,  
 I never read on't, but I fasted twice,  
 And so by Revelation know it better  
 Than all the learn'd Idolaters' oth' Letter.  
 With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,  
 Like great *Goliath* with his Weavers beam :  
 I say to thee &c. thou li'st,  
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist :  
 Rubbish of *Babell*, for who will not say  
 Tongues were confounded in &c ?  
 Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once  
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce :  
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds  
 The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.  
 Accurst &c thou, for now I scent  
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.  
 Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack  
 This sign in thy prophetick Almanack ?  
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernal plot  
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.  
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it  
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it ;



'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,  
 Shall keep another fifth day of *November*.  
 Yet here's not all, I cannot half intrust  
 &c. it's so abominous.

The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd,  
 Unrip &c. and you shall find  
 Of the great Commissary, and which is worse,  
 The Apparatour upon his skew-bal'd horse.  
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,  
 &c. will be too far to swear ;  
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar stile )  
 A *York-shire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.

Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods-diggers,  
 Hee'l swear at words in large, and not in figures.  
 Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth  
 To leave, &c. in his liquid Oath.  
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,  
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.  
 So they drunk on, not offering to part  
 Till they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart :  
 While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray,  
 They and their tribe were all &c.

---

SMECTYMNUS or the  
 CLUB-DIVINES.

*Smectymnus* ! the Goblin makes me start:  
 I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art ?

*Syriack?* or *Arabick?* or *Welsh?* what skilt?  
 Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babell* built,  
 Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it:  
 Till then 'tis fit for a West-saxon poet.  
 But doe the brother-hood then play their prizes  
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises?  
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,  
 A name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread a mile,  
 The Saints monopoly, the zealous cluster,  
 Which like a porcupine presents a muster,  
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their seas,  
 A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.  
 Thus Jack-of all-trades hath devoutly shown  
 The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone:  
 Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treasons fashion;  
 Now we have Heresie by Complication.  
 Like to *Don Quixot's* Rosary of slaves  
 Strung on a chain; a Murnival of knaves  
 Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,  
 Or like Colleagues, which sit all of a side:  
 So the vain satyrists stand all arow;  
 As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show.  
 Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his brother,  
 Natures *Dyarefis*, half one another,  
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,  
 Must both give way unto *Smeetyminum*.  
 Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smecks*; for lo his side  
 Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.  
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyffard,  
 Five faces lurk under one single vi zard.

The Whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,  
Heires of confusion by *Gavel* kind.

I think *Pithagoras*'s soul is rambl'd hither,  
With all the change of Raiment on together :  
*Smeck* is her generall Ward-robe, shee'l not dare  
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;  
He stops the Gossiping Dame ; alone he is  
The purlew of a *Metempsuchesis*.

Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modest sense  
Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence :  
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,  
Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same :  
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,  
Into one man are monosyllabeld.  
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,  
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet,  
As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet  
One Cure and five Incumbents leap a truss :  
The title sure must be litigious.  
The *Sadduces* would raise a question,  
Who must be *Smeck* at the Resurrection.  
Who coop'd them up together were too blame,  
Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their name,  
'Twould make another Prentices Petition  
Against the Bishops and their superstition.

*Robson* and *French* (that count from five to five,  
As far as nature fingers did contrive,  
She saw they would be sesters, that's the cause  
She cleft their hoof into so many clawes )

May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree  
To rate *Smectymnus* for Polemony.

*Caligula*, whose pride was mankind's bail,  
As who disdain'd to murder by retail ;  
Wishing the world had but one general neck,  
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec.*  
No eccho can improve the Author more,  
Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.  
No Fellow is more letter'd, though the brand  
Both supercribes his shoulder and his hand.  
Some Welch-man was his Godfather, for he  
Weares in his name his Genealogy.  
The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,  
Betwixt *Smectymnus* and *Et cetera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly summons,  
Should be the Convocation and the Commons ;  
The Priest to tie the Foxes tails together,  
*Moseley*, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.  
See, what an off-spring every one expects !  
What strange pluralities of men and sects ?  
One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another  
Is for a Synod : Bet upon the mother :  
Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and stickle,  
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.  
Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight,  
Which uses to divorce, might once unite.  
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,  
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.

My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt,  
So many cards i'th' stock, and yet be bilkt ?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble ;  
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.  
 But there I leave you to another dressing,  
 Onely kneel down, and take your fathers blessing.  
 May the *Queen-Mother* justifie your feares,  
 And stretch her Patent to your leather eares.

---

### The mixt Assembly.

**F**lea-bitten Synod ; an Assembly brew'd  
 Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude  
 Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men-guide  
 With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their side.  
 Who ask'd the Banes 'twixt these discolour'd mates?  
 A strange grotesco this, the Church and States  
 Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,  
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.  
 She that conceiv'd an *Ethiopian* heir  
 By picture, when the parents both were fair,  
 At sight of you had born a dappled son,  
 You checquering her imagination.  
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams  
 Had brought forth speckled, and ringstreaked lambs.  
 Like an Impropiators Motley kind,  
 Whose scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd,  
 Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed.  
 Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed,  
 Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)  
 Friars of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So mixt they are, one knowes not whether's thicker,  
A Layre of *Burgesse*, or a Layre of *Vicar*.

Have they usurp'd what Royall *Judah* had ?  
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad* ?  
The Scepter and the Crofier are the crutches,  
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,  
Will fail the Cripple state. And were't not pity  
But both should serve the yardwand of the City ?  
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit  
Judge of *his ads* and *Elegerit*.

Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn !  
The Miscelany satyr, and the fawn,  
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,  
But faintly represent this ridling feature,  
Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own  
Their fellowes at the Resurrection :

Strange scarlet Doctors these, they'l passe in story  
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory ;

Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules  
The fading fables, and the coming gules:

The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shoves  
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose,  
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloakes,  
This shoulder *John-a-stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.  
Like Jewes and Christians in a ship together,  
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either,  
Like their intended Discipline to boot,

Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:

• Such may their stript-stuff hangings seem to be,  
Sacredge matcht with Codpiece-symony :

Be sick and dream a little, you may then  
Phansie these Linsie-Woolsie Vestry men:

Forbear good *Pembrook*, be not over-daring,  
Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing:  
And these Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,  
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.

He that the Noble *Percies* blood inherits,  
Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits?  
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,  
With his uncircumcised *Algernoon*:

A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd  
By him in *Gath* with the six finger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words:  
*Presto*, they're gone, and now the House of Lords  
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,  
But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance  
*Fielding* and doxy *Marshall* first advance,  
*Twisse* blowes the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace  
Puts on the traces and treads cinque-a-pace.  
Then *Say* and *Seal* must his old hamstrings supple,  
And he and rump'd *Palmer* makes a couple.  
*Palmer's* a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,  
The Midwife may find work about her shoulder,  
*Kimbolton* that rebellious *Boawerges*,  
Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges*:  
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worse,  
But the fift time of his Compurgators.  
*Nol Bowls* is coy, good sadnesse cannot dance,  
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*,  
 Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordship giddy.  
*Pym* and the *Members* must their giblets levy,  
 T'incounter Madam *Smec* that single Bevy.  
 If they two truck together, 'twill not be  
 A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.  
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,  
 But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himself,  
 And well may be, there's more Divines in him  
 Than in all this their Jewish *Sanhedrim* :  
 Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date  
 When Mules their Cofin Germans generate.  
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,  
 The Ox and Ass go yoa'k'd in the same plough,  
 Resign thy Coach-box *Twisse* ; *Brook's* Preacher, he  
 Would sort the beasts with more conformitie,  
 Water and earth make but one globe, a Round-head  
 Is Clergy-Lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

---

### The Kings Disguise.

AND why a Tenant to this vile disguise, (eyes ?  
 Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his  
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink ;  
 And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.  
 Oh for a state-distinction to arraign  
*Charles* of high Treason 'gainst my Sovereign.  
 What an usurper to his Prince is wont,  
 Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.



His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,  
 His ruines prove him a religious house.  
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,  
 And Majesty defac'd the Royal stamp.  
 Is't not enough thy Dignities in thrall,  
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?  
 As if thy Blacks were of too taint a die,  
 Without the tincture of Tautology.  
 Flay an Egyptian for his Cassock skin,  
 Spun of his Countries darknesse, line't within  
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowfie trance,  
 The Synod sable, foggy ignorance:  
 Nor bodily, nor ghostly Negro could  
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:  
 This privy-Chamber of thy shape would be  
 But the close mourner of thy Royalty  
 'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors spell,  
 A Pearl within a rugged Oysters shell.  
 Heaven, which the Minster of thy person owns,  
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations:  
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeyes courser doom,  
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room:  
 Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,  
*Manchesters* Elves, transform'd into a stable.  
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,  
 Such is the sacriledge of thine attire,  
 By which thou art half depos'd, thou look'st like one  
 Whose looks are under sequestration.  
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,  
 Shewes like the self-denying Ordinance.

Angel of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,  
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without :  
 Majeftick twi-light in the state of grace,  
 Yet with an excommunicated face.

*Charles* and his *Mask* are of a different mint,  
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.  
 The Sun weares mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,  
 And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud :  
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate !

The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.  
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,  
 That shrinks his raies to this Apostasie ?  
 It is no subtile film of tiffany air,  
 No cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,  
 When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,  
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish'd skreen :  
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough  
 Mettal, and three pil'd darknesse, like the slough  
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *Eaux* in grain,  
 Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.

Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-Castle*-Vote  
 Rang *Britaines* Curfeu, so our light went out.  
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,  
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters :  
 Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,  
 Sure they would fit the body Politique.  
 False beard enough to fit a stages plot,  
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.  
 Nay, all his properties so strange appear,  
 Y'are not i'th' presence, though the King be there.

A Libel is his dresse, a garb uncouth,  
 Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.  
 Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest  
 An ear-mark due, Cub of the blatant beast,  
 Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,  
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.  
 The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind  
 Wasting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind  
 It to the barque, which at the voyage end  
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.  
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar,  
 Nor sink thy Skullar with a man of War.  
 The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this slandering suit,  
 Both doe alike in picture execute.  
 But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date  
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?  
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought  
 With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,  
 And puzling Pourtraitures, to shew that there  
 Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be  
 Clark of this Closet to your Majesty;  
 Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dress  
 I see the Gospel coucht in parables.  
 At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,  
 And shews Religion in it's dusky types.  
 Such a Text Royal, so obscure a shade,  
 Was *Salomon* in Proverbs all array'd.

Come all the brats of this expounding age,  
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more than ever *Sampson* slew;  
 And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too :  
 How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,  
 Since bound up in the Bibles livery ?  
 Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,  
 You that dim Jewels with your Bristol-sence :  
 And Characters, like Witches so torment,  
 Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.  
 Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,  
 None but St. *Peters* ope's this Cabinet.  
 This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight  
 Critick spectators with redundant light.  
 A prince most seen, is least : What Scriptures call  
 The Revelation, is most mystical.

Mount then thou shadow royal, and with hast  
 Advance thy morning star, *Charles's* overcast.  
 May thy strange journey contradictions twist,  
 And force fair weather from a scottish mist :  
 Heav'ns Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages  
 To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.  
 Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,  
 Both as a conduct to him, and a shroud.  
 But oh ! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renewes  
 A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shooes.

---

### The Rebell SCOT.

**H**OW ! Providence ! and yet a Scottish crew !  
 Then Madam nature wears black patches too ?  
 What ?

What shall our Nation be in bondage thus  
 Unto a Land that truces under us?  
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,  
 Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire  
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd  
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.  
 And wher's the Stoick? can his wrath appease  
 To see his Countrey sick of *Pym's* disease  
 By Scotch invasion, to be made a prey  
 To such *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?  
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote  
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote;  
 Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew  
 Invention there that might be poyson too.  
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note  
 Disgorgeth halters as a Juglarsthorat  
 Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)  
 Speak Pills in phraise, and quack destruction:  
 Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Genevab* Bull,  
 Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:  
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,  
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.  
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,  
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks* with your badgers feet,  
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.  
 Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,  
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.  
*Scots* are like Witches; do but whet your pen,  
 Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take  
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake,  
 I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes  
 A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation  
 Fosters no Venom, since the *Scots* plantation;  
 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;  
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again,  
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have shown  
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)  
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroft  
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost:  
 The honest high-shoes, in their termly fees,  
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.  
 Nature her self doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,  
 Making their Countrey such a wilderness:  
 A Land that brings in question and suspense  
 Gods omni-presence, but that *Charles* came thence.  
 But that *Montrose* and *Crawford's* loyal band  
 Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the Land;  
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots;  
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:  
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint  
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side saint:  
 He that saw Hell in's melancholy dream,  
 And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,  
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,  
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Profelite.  
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,  
 O may they never suffer banishment!

# POEMS.

47

(doom,

Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his  
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.

Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,  
As if the devil had Ubiquity.

Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie

This or that place, rags of Geography.

They're Citizens o'th' world; they're all in all,  
*Scotland's* a Nation Epidemical.

And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode

How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;

To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,

Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug

Resembles most, in belly, or in beard.

(The Card by which the Marriners are steer'd.)

No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;

Their *Estrich-stomacks* makes their *swords* their *meat*;

Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,

Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choise;

The Serpent's fatal still to *Paradise*.

Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these

On the North posture of the patient seize,

Like Leeches, thus they physically thirst

After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o'th score,

To purchase villanage as once before,

When an Act pass'd to stroak them on the head,

Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel must tame

The stubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels by yeilding, doth like him, (or worse)  
Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,  
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Aegypt*s spoil ?  
They are the Gospels Life-guard, but for them  
The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*.  
What would the Brethren do ? the cause ! the cause !  
Sack possets, and the fundamental Lawes !  
Lord ! what a goodly thing is want of shirts !  
How a Scotch-stomack, and no meat, converts !  
They wanted food, and rayment ; so they took  
Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.  
Unmask them well ; their honours and estate,  
As well as conscience are sophisticate  
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,  
A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,  
When constru'd, but for a plain Yeomango,  
And a good sober two-pence, and well so.  
Hence then you proud Imposters, get you gone,  
You Picts in Gentry and devotion ;  
You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race  
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.  
*Hyperbolus* by suffering did traduce  
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.  
The Indian, that heaven did forswear,  
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,  
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,  
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between :  
My Muse hath done. A Volder for the nonce ;  
I wrong the devil, should I pick their bones.

That



That dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease,  
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles,  
 A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,  
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Goose.

---

### The Scots Apostasie.

**I**S't come to this? what shall the cheeks of Fame,  
 Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,  
 Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sence,  
 Asrich in Loyalty, and Eloquence,  
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?  
 Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?  
 The devil sure such language did atchieve,  
 To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam *Eve*,  
 As this Imposture found out, to besot  
 Th' experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*:  
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtful sence?  
 The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?  
 Or did you doubt persistance in one good  
 Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,  
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,  
 Was fit for the grand divels hammering?  
 Or was't ambition, that this damned fact  
 Should tell the world you know the sins you act?  
 The infamy this super-treason brings  
 Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings*,  
 A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,  
 Those hold with this no competition.

*Kings* onely suffer'd then, in this doth lie  
Th' Assasination of *Monarchy*.

Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,  
If not t' attempt deposing of your God.  
Oh were you so ingag'd, that we might see  
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your eares to flee,  
Till you were shrivel'd to dust; and your cold Land  
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand!  
But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,  
Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.

First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends  
Your power hath banded, cease to count you friends,  
And prompted by the dictate of their reason,  
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Treason*.  
And may their jealousies increase and breed,  
Till they confine yout steps beyond the *Tweed*:  
In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be  
A stigmatizing brand of infamy;  
Till forc'd by general hate, you cease to rome  
The world, and for a plague to live at home:  
Till you resume your poverty, and be  
Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free  
To grant; and may your scabby Land be all  
Translated to a general Hospital.

Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,  
To give you comfort of a summers day;  
But, as a guerdon for your trayterous war,  
Live cherish'd onely by the Northern star,  
No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,  
And be to all but banisht men, as lost.

And

And such in heightning of the infliction due,  
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.  
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,  
 But power, your lives and liberties may aw.  
 No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest,  
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;  
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought.  
 By your own sword our just revnege be wrought.  
 To sum up all — let your *Religion* be,  
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:  
 Until, when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust,  
 perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *just*;  
 H E fav'd, incens'd heaven may have forgot  
 T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,  
 Unlessse that *Scot* deny himself, and do  
 (What's easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

### Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!  
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it!  
 Or like the Doctors militant, could get  
 Dub'd at adventurers Verser Banneret!  
 Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes  
 Their own Antipodes, and track the times:  
*Faces about*, saies the *Remonstrant* spirit,  
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:  
*Huntington* colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder  
 Might be a sturgeon now, and passe by Order.

Had I but *Elfings* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)  
 That declares one way, and yet means another;  
 Could I but right a-squint; then (Sir) long since  
 You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince*.  
 I had observ'd the language of the dayes;  
 Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase  
 With humble service, and such other Fustian,  
 Bells which ring backward in this great combustion.  
 I had revil'd you, and without offence,  
*The Litterall, and Equitable Sence*  
 Would make it good: when all fails that will do't:  
 Sure that distinction cleft the devils foot.  
 This were my Dialect, would your highnesse please  
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles;  
 Interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:  
 Libels are commendations when revers'd.  
 Just as an Optique glasse contracts the sight  
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.  
 But you're enchanted, Sir, your doubly free  
 From the great guns, and squibbing Poetry:  
 Who neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,  
 Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.  
 Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail;  
 If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.  
 At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Besses*  
 Suppli'd the bow-strings with their twisted tresses.  
 Your spels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow  
 Had lanc'd your noble brest, and drunk the marrow:  
 For beauty like white powder makes no noise;  
 And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.

Then

Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,  
 Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,  
 That you kill women too ; nay maids, and such  
 Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.  
 Impotent *Essex* is it not a shame,  
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,  
 Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian ? may she be  
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.  
 But why, my Muse, like a green-sicknesse Girl,  
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt, a gelding Earl  
 Gives no more relish to thy female palat,  
 Than to that Ass he did once the thistle fallar,  
 Then quit the barren theme ; and all at once  
 Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,  
 Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Ruper* ! one  
 Whose name is wits Superfoetation.  
 Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,  
 Unite all valour, present, past, to come.  
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,  
 That voted down plurality of souls,  
 He breaths a grand Committee, all that were  
 The wonders of their age, constellate here.  
 And as the elder sisters growth and sence  
 (Souls paramount themselves) in man commence  
 But faculty of reasons Queen, no more  
 Are they to him, who were compleat before ;  
 Ingredients of his vertue thred the beads  
 Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the Sweeds :  
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,  
 By which that vast triumvirate is span'd.

Here,

Here, here is Palmestry ; here you may read  
 How long the world shall live, and when't shal bleed.  
 Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath ;  
 For nature raiz'd him of the *Publike Faith*,  
*Pandora's* brother, to make up whose store,  
 The Gods were fain to run upon the score.  
 Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face ;  
*Item* an eye for *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.  
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z flea of the place  
 That tips their Antlets for the calf of Stace ;  
 Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,  
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge :  
 Yes and the gossip spoon augment the sum,  
 Although poor *Galeb* lose his Christendome :  
*Rupert* out-weighs that in his sterling self,  
 Which their self-wants paies in commuting pelf.  
 pardon, great Sir ; for that ignoble crew  
 Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with you.  
 As he whom in his character of light  
 Stil'd it *Gods Shadow*, made it far more bright  
 By an Eclipse so glorious, light is dim,  
 And a black nothing when compar'd to him :  
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Rupert's* foil,  
 And a just trophee to be made his spoil :  
 I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve  
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall Creed* believe.  
 The Conquests which the Common-Council hears  
 With their wide list'ning mouth from the great Peers  
 That ran away in triumph : such a foe  
 Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,  
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,  
 That he revives the quarrel once again  
 Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain:  
 And leaves it a drawn match : whose fervor can  
 Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.  
 His trumpet, like the Angels at the last,  
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.  
 'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man  
 ( As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian* )  
 Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,  
 The left should be a channel to the Main :  
 His spirit might inform th' amphibious figure,  
 Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger :  
 The terrour of whose name can out of seven  
 (Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.  
 Thus some grow rich by breaking : Vipers thus  
 By being slain, are made more numerous.  
 No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men,  
 For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gigagen.  
 They fear the giblets of his train, they fear  
 Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier* :  
 He that devours the scraps, which *Lunsford* makes,  
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes :  
 Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,  
 But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.  
 'Gainst whom they have several Articles in soufe:  
 First that he barks against the sense o'th' House.  
*Resolv'd Delinquent*, to the Tower straight,  
 Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate :

Next.

Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail,  
 But there the sisterhood will be his bail,  
 At least the Countesse will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,  
 That lets in all religious of the game.  
 Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,  
 And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his own Letter :  
 Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder ? )  
 For making plots, and then for Fox the finder,  
 Lastly, he is a devil without doubt ;  
 For when he would lie down, he wheels about ;  
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,  
 And therefore score up one for conjuring. (ter !  
 What canst thou say, thou wretch ? O Quarter, quar-  
 l'me but an instrument, a meer *S. Arthur*.  
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary,  
 Whose office 'tis alike, to fetch and carry.  
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir  
 That strung the Jesuite, will dispatch a cur.  
 Were I a devil, as the Rebel fears,  
 I see the House would try me by my Peers.  
 There *Fowler*, there ! ah *Fowler* ! 't 'tis nought,  
 What a're the accusers cry, they're at a fault ;  
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,  
 Than when the glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.  
 Thus Labels but annex to him we see,  
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.  
*S. Peters* shadow heal'd ; *Ruperts* is such,  
 'Twould find *S. Peters* work, yet wound as much :  
 He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,  
 The Canons do but lisp and complement.



Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower  
 To get this *Perseus* : hence the fatal power  
 Of shot is strangled : bullets thus alli'd,  
 Fear to commit an act of Parricide.  
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confess,  
 Thou art the greater world, and that the less.  
 Scatter th' accumulative King, untruss  
 That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnus* ;  
 Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,  
 As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.  
*England's* a Paradise (and a modest Word)  
 Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword.  
 Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers ;  
 And cure the Chin-cough better than the bears.  
 Old *Sybill* charms the Tooth-ach with you : *Nurse*  
 Makes you still children ; and the pondrous curse  
 The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,  
 (*Now Rupert take thee, Rongue ; how dost thou do ?*)  
 In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,  
*Kimbolton's* but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

---

### Epitaph on the Earle of STRAFFORD.

**H**ere lies wise and valiant dust,  
 Huddled up 'twixt fit and just :  
*Strafford*, who was hurried hence  
 'Twixt treason and convenience.

He spent his time here in a mist,  
*A Papist, yet a Calvinist.*  
 His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief,  
 He had, yet wanted all relief:  
 The Prop and Ruine of the State,  
 The peoples violent love and hate.  
 One in extreame lov'd and abhord.  
 Riddles lie here, or in a word,  
 Here lies bloud, and let it lie  
 Speechlesse still, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thoma Comitiss Straff-*  
*fordis, &c.*

**E**Xurge Cinis, tumq; solus qui potis es scribe Epitaphium:  
*Nequit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.*  
*Effare Marmor: & quem cœpisti comprehendere,*  
*Macte & Expressere.*  
*Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris*  
*Notatum est literis Elogium.*  
*Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus:*  
*Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentiæ:*  
*Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,*  
*Straffordii, & Virtutum, Comes:*  
*Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Appollinis:*  
*Cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia.*  
*Sydus Aquilonicum; quo sub rubicundâ vesper à occidente,*  
*Nox simul & dies visa est: dextroque oculo fleuit,*  
*Lævoque letata est Anglia.*  
*Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitosa Virtutis*  
*Afforibus, morbo, morte, & invidia,*  
*Quæ ternis animosa Regnis non vicis tamen,*  
*Sed oppressit.*

*Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput  
 Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Capitum:  
 Merces favoris Scoticæ, præter pecunias:  
 Erubuit ut tetigit securis,  
 Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.  
 Monstrum narro: fuit tam insensus Legibus,  
 Ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit:  
 Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex  
 Verum Necessitas, non habens Legem.  
 Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.*

---

## On the Arch-Bishop of CANTEBURY.

**I** Need no Muse to give my passion vent,  
 He brews his tears that studies to lament.  
 Verse chimically weeps, that pious rain  
 Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o, th' brain.  
 Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan  
 Be quaver'd out by soft division?  
 'Tis true, for common formal Elegies,  
 Not *Bushels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:  
 In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears  
 From a *Geneva* Jig up to the sphears.  
 But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,  
 Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,  
 Now that the fate is publick, we may call  
 It *Britaines* Vespers, *Englands* Funeral.  
 Who hath a pensil to expresse the saint,  
 But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?

There

There is no learning but what tears surround,  
Like to *Seth's* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.  
There is no Church, Religion is grown  
From much of late, that she's increast to none:  
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes.  
First swells into a bubble, then consumes.  
The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,  
And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.  
The *Liturgy*, whose doom was voted next,  
Died as a Comment upon him the text.  
There's nothing lives: life is since he is gone,  
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.  
Thus you have seen deaths i nventory read  
In the sum total — *Canterburie's* dead.  
A sight would make a Pagan to baptize  
Himself a Convert in his bleeding eyes.  
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,  
(That which *Hyena* like weeps and devours)  
Tears that flow blackish from their souls within,  
Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.  
Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,  
He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles.  
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams  
Shines in his showers, as if he wept his beam.  
How could succeſſe ſuch villanies applaud?  
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Land*:  
The twins of publike rage adjudg'd to die,  
For treasons they should act by Prophecie.  
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,  
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

Be dull great spirits and forbear to climb,  
For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.

No Church-man can be innocent and high,  
'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On I. W. A. B. of York.

SAY, my young Sophister, what think'st of this?  
*Chimera's* reall; *Ergo falleris*.

The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,  
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.

Call an *Haruspex* quickly; let him get  
Sulphur and Torchcs, and a Lawrell wet,  
To purifie the place, for sure the harms  
This Monster will produce, transcend his charms.

'Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this;  
And redeems whatever she did amisse  
Before, from wonder and reproach, this last  
Legitimateth all her by-blows past.

Loe here a generall Metropolitan,  
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,  
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,  
A zealous *Episcopo-Mastix* Grace;  
A fair blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd brother,  
One Leg a pulpet holds, a tub the other.  
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,  
And make th' Apostate once more Christian.  
*Protem* we cannot call him; he put on  
His change of shapes by a succession;

Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,  
 At once doth onely wait upon the wind :  
 These speak him not, but if you'l name him right,  
 Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.  
 His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,  
 Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast,  
 He still retaines the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,  
 And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.  
 Such acts must needs be his, who did devise  
 By crying altars down to sacrifice  
 To private malice ; where you might have seen  
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen.  
 Unhappy Church ! the Viper that did share  
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,  
 And void of all thy dignities and store ;  
 Alas ! thine own son proves the forrest-boar ;  
 And like the Dam-destroying Cuccow he,  
 When the thick shell of his Welsh pedigree,  
 By the warm fust'ring bounty did divide  
 And open, straight thence sprung forth parricide :  
 As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht  
 In thee, by th'Monster which thy self hadst hatcht :  
 Despair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,  
 As well as *Lincolnshire* an antidote,  
 'Gainst the foul'st venom he can spit, though's head  
 Were chang'd from subtle gray to poy's'nous red.  
 Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon  
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone ;  
 And chastise Rebels, who nought else did misse  
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his ;

VWhose

Whose foul imparallel'd apostasie,  
 Like to his sacred character shall be  
 Indelible, when ages then of late  
 More happy grown with most impartiall fate,  
 A period to his daies and time shall give,  
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,  
 Who Gods Annointed, and his Church betraid.*

---

## Mark Anthony.

**W**Hen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,  
 And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,  
*Venus* invited me in the evening whispers,  
 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:  
 Where she before had sent  
 My wishes complement,  
 Unto my hearts content,  
 Plaid with me on the Green,  
 Never Mark Anthony  
 Dallied more wantonly  
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,  
 Thence fear of sursetting made me retire:

Next on her warmer lips which when I tasted,  
My duller spirits made active as fire.

Then we began to dart  
Each at anothers heart,  
Arrows that knew no smart :  
Sweet lips and smiles between.  
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,  
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,  
Gawdier than *Junos* weares when as she graces  
*Jove* with imbraces more stately than warm.

Then did she peep in mine  
Eyes humour Christaline ;  
I in her eyes was seen,  
As if we one had been.  
Never Mark, &c.

Mytticall Grammar of amorous glances,  
Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,  
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall dances ;  
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.

Eyes like Astronomy,  
Streight limb'd Geometry :  
In her hearts ingeny  
Our wits are sharp and keen.  
Never Mark Anthony  
Dallied more wantonly  
With the fair Egyptian Queen.



The Authors Mock-Song to  
MARK ANTHONY

**W**hen as the Night-raven sung Pluto's Mattins:  
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a houl,  
When night-wandering Witches put on their pattins,  
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul:  
Then did the furies doom  
That the night-mare was come;  
Such a mis-shapen Groom  
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.  
Never did Incubus  
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,  
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted,  
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire:  
Unto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,  
My spirits were duller than Dun in the mire.  
But then her breath took place,  
Which went an *Ushers* pace,  
And made way for her face;  
You may guesse what I mean.  
Never did incubus  
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,  
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

Like snakes ingendring were platted her tresses,  
Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale;

Uglier than Envy weares, when she confesses  
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.

But as soon as she spake,  
I heard a harsh Mandrake :

Laugh not at my mistake,  
Her head is Epicœne.

Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,  
Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hags,  
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinkles  
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.

Rainbows about her eyes,  
And her nose weather-wise,  
From them th'Almanack lies,  
*Frost, Pond, and Rivers* clean.

Never did, &c.

## How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

**I**T is no *Curanto*-news I undertake,  
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make,  
No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend,  
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,  
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty  
I'll tell you some news as true and as witty ;

*And how the Commencement grows new.*

See

See how the Symony Doctors abound,  
 All crowding to throw away fourty pound,  
 They'l now in their wives stammell petticoats vaper,  
 Without any need of an argument draper,  
 Beholding to none, he neither beseeches,  
 This friend for Ven'son, nor tother for speeches.

*And so the Commencement grows new.*

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer  
 Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,  
 Nay some take degrees who never had steeple,  
 Whose means like degrees comes from places of  
 They come to the fair, and at the first pluck, (people  
 The Toll man *Barnaby* strikes'um good luck.

*And so, &c.*

The Countrey parsons come not up  
 On Tuesday night in their old Colledge to sup,  
 Their bellies and table-books equally full,  
 The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;  
 How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,  
 The Homilies urg'd, and the school-men confuted.

*And so, &c.*

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,  
 To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,  
 With like admiration to eat roasted beef,  
 Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:  
 Who should he but hear our Organs once sound,  
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round.

*And so, &c.*

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his satin, (tin,  
 To look with some judgement at him that speaks lat-  
 To be angry with him that makes not his clothes,  
 To answer O Lord Sir, and talk play-books oaths,  
 And at the next Bear-baiting full (of his sack)  
 To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack.

*And so the Commencement grows new.*

We have no Prevaricators wit,  
 Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?  
 Besides no serious Oxford men comes,  
 To cry down the use of Jestings and Hums.  
 Our ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true,  
*Mum Salter* is sober, and *Jack Martin* too,  
*And so the Commencement grows new.*

I. C.

## The Hue and Cry after Sir

JOHN PRESBYTER.

**W**ith hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;  
 With a splay mouth, and a nose circumflect,  
 With a set ruffe of Musket bore, that wears  
 Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,  
 Exhausted of their sulphurous contents:  
 In Pulpit fire-works, Which that Bomball vents;  
 The *Negative* and *covenanting* Oath,  
 Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;

The

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,  
 In a box knot) cut by the *Director*;  
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where:*  
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and  
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,  
 That when his ears are cropt he'l count them gelt;  
 The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,  
 A sign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump:  
 The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance  
 With the *Divine* right of an *Ordinance*.

*If you meet any that do thus attire'em,*

*Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.*

What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,  
 That tare the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?  
*Episcopacy* minc'd, reforming *Tweed*  
 Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;  
 Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device  
 Thats nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.  
 The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace  
 The divels foot-steps in his cloven face.  
 A face of several Parishes and sorts,  
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes of Court.  
 What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons,  
 Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Duratoons*?  
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?  
 Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*?  
 Sure they're the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without  
 The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout:  
 Like them above the *Commons House* have been  
 So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then,

Then, what Imperious in the Bishop sounds,  
 The same the Scotch Executor rebounds.  
 This stating *Pr lacy*, the *classick* rout,  
 That spake it often, e're it spake it out;  
     *So by an Abbies skeleton of late,*  
     *I heard an Eccho supererrogate*  
     *Through imperfection, and the voyce restore,*  
     *As if she had 'he hiccop o're and o're.*  
 Since they our mixt *Diocisans* combine  
 Thus to ride double in their *Discipline*,  
 That Pauls shall to the Consistory call  
 A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall:  
 Each at the Ordinance for to assist  
 With the five thumbs of his great-changing fist.  
 Down Dagon Synod with thy motley ware,  
 Whylst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,  
 That Dove-like Embassie, that wings our sence  
 To heavens gate in shape of innocence.  
 Pray for the Miser'd Authors, and desie  
 These Demicasters of Divinity.  
 For when Sir John with Jack-of-all-trades joynes,  
 His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's L ynes.

### The Antiplatonick.

**F**Or shame thou everlasting Woer,  
 Still saying grace, and never falling to her!  
 Love that's in contemplation plac't,  
 Is *Venus* drawn but to the wast.

Unlesse

Unlesse your flame confesse it's gender,  
 And your Parley cause surrender,  
 Y' are Salamanders of a cold desire,  
 That live untoucht amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a Dame of stone  
 The Widdow of *Pigmalion*;  
 As hard and un-renting she,  
 As the new-cruded *Niobe*;  
 Or what doth more of Statue carry,  
 A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?  
 Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,  
 A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For shame you pretty Female Elves,  
 Cease for to candy up your selves:  
 No more, you sectaries of the Game,  
 No more of your calcining flame.  
 Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,  
 As a King hunting dubs a Hart,  
 Loves votaries inthrall each others soul,  
 Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Woman-kind  
 But the green sicknesse of the mind.  
 Philosophy, their new delight,  
 A kind of Char-coal appetite.  
 There's no Sophistry prevails,  
 Where all-convincing love assails;

But the disputing petticoat will warp,  
As skilfull gamsters are to seek at at sharp.

The souldier, that man of iron,  
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;  
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,  
In whose embraces you'r in chaines,  
Let a Magnetick girl appear,  
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiraseer.  
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,  
For all the bristled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks  
The breast-works of the firmest sex,  
Come let's in affections riot,  
Th' are sickly pleasures keep a Diet:  
Give me a lover bold and free,  
Not Eunucht with formality:  
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen  
With the nice Caution of a sword between.

## F U S C A R A, or the BEE Errant.

**N**Atures confectioner, the *Bee*,  
Whose suckets are moyst *Alchimie*,  
The still of his refining mould,  
Minting the Garden into gold;

Having



Having rifled all the fields  
Of what dainties *Flora* yeelds,  
Ambitious now to take Excise,  
Of a more fragrant Paradise,  
At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,  
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.  
The ayrie Free-booter destreins  
First on the Violet of her Veins,  
Whose tincture could it be more pure,  
His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:  
Here did he sit, and Essence quaff,  
Till her coy Pulse had beat him off:  
That Pulse, which he that feels may know  
Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.  
The next he preys on is her Palm,  
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;  
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,  
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,  
Here while his canting drone-pipe scan'd  
The mystick figures of her hand,  
He tipples Palmestry, and dives  
On all her fortune telling lives.  
He baths in blisse, and finds no odds  
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods.  
He pearches now upon her wrist,  
A proper hawk for such a fist,  
Making that flesh his bill of fare  
Which hungry Cannibals would spare.  
Where Lillies in a lovely brown  
Inoculate Carnation.

He *Argent* skin with *Or* so stream'd  
 As if the milky way were cream'd.  
 From hence he to the wood-bine bends  
 That quivers at her fingers ends,  
 That runs division on the tree,  
 Like a thick branching pedigree.  
 So 'tis not her the Bee devoures,  
 It is a pretty maze of flowers,  
 It is the rose that bleeds when he  
 Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.  
 About her finger he doth cling  
 I'th' fashion of a wedding ring,  
 And bids his Comrades of the swarm  
 Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm,  
 Thus when the hovering Publican  
 Had suck'd the Toll of all her span,  
 Tuning his draughts with drowsie hums,  
 As *Danes* carowse by Kettle-drums,  
 It was decreed that posie glean'd  
 The small familiar should be wean'd :  
 At this the Errants courage quails,  
 Yet aided by his native sails,  
 The bold *Columbus* still designs  
 To find her undiscovered mines :  
 To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies  
 Fraught both with East and Western prize,  
 Which when he had in vain assaid,  
 Arm'd like a dapper Lance-presade  
 With *Spanish* pike, he broacht a pore,  
 And so both made and heal'd the sore :

For as in Gummy trees there's found  
 A salve to issue at the wound  
 Of this her breach the like was true,  
 Hence trickled out a balsome too :  
 But oh ! what Wasp was't that could prove  
*Ratilius* to my *Queen of Love* ?  
 The King of Bees now's jealous grown,  
 Least her beames should melt his throne :  
 And finding that his tribute slacks,  
 His Burgesles, and state of Wax  
 Turn'd to an Hospitall, the combs  
 Build rank and file like Reads-mens rooms,  
 And what they bleed but tart and sowre,  
 Matcht with my *Danaes* golden showre,  
 Live-Hony all, the envious else  
 Stung her, cause sweeter than himself.  
 Sweetnesse and she are so ally'd,  
 The *Bee* committed parricide.

---

AN ELEGIE upon Dr. CHADERTON,  
 the first Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in  
*Cambridge*, being above a hundred years  
 old when he died.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERAL.

Pardon (dear Saint) that we so late,  
 With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate ;

And

And with an after-shower of verse,  
 And teares, we thus bedew thy herse :  
 Till now (alas) we did not weep,  
 Because we thought thou didst but sleep :  
 Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know  
 Whether thou couldst now die or no :  
 We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise  
 And o'pe the casements of thine eyes :  
 Thy feet, which have been us'd so long  
 To walk, we thought must still go on ;  
 Thine eares after an hundred year,  
 Might now plead custome for to hear :

Upon thy head that reverend snow  
 Did dwell some fifty years ago,  
 And then thy cheeks did seem to have  
 The sad resemblance of a grave.

Wert thou e're young ! for truth I hold,  
 And do believe thou wert born old,  
 There's none alive I'm sure can say  
 They knew thee young, but alwayes gray :  
 And dost thou now, venerable Oak,  
 Decline at deaths unhappy stroak ?  
 Tell me (dear son) why didst thou die,  
 And leav's to write an Elegy ?  
 We're young (alas) and know thee not,  
 Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lor*,  
 Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell  
 The world thy worth, they kend thee well :  
 When they were boyes they heard thee preach,  
 And thought an Angell did them teach.

Awake

Awake them then, and let them come,  
 And score thy vertues on thy tomb,  
 That we at those may wonder more,  
 Than at thy many yeares before.

## MARIES SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I presume  
 Without *Perfume*  
 My *Christ* to meet  
 That is *all sweet*?

No, I'll make most pleasant posies,  
 Catch the *breath of new blown Roses*,  
 Top the pretty merry flowers;  
 Which *laugh* in the fairest *Bowers*,  
 Whose *sweetnesse* Heaven likes so well,  
 It *stoops* each morn to take a smell.

Then I'll fetch from the *Phœnix* nest  
 The *richest Spices*, and the *best*,  
*Precious Ointments* I will make,  
*Holy Myrrh* and *Aloes* take;  
 Yea, *costly Spikenard*, in whose smell  
 The *sweetness* of all *Odours* dwell.  
 I'll get a *box* to keep it in,  
 Pure, as his *alabaster skin*,

And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly  
Before *one sickly minute* die :  
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*  
This precious Ointment will I spread,  
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair  
For sweetnesse with his breath compare :  
But sure the odour of his skin  
Smells sweeter than the spice I bring.

Then with bended knee I'le greet  
His holy and beloved feet ;  
I'le wash them with a weeping eye,  
And then my lips shall kisse them dry ;  
Or for a towell he shall have  
My hair, such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,  
And on thy sacred feet take hold,  
And curle themselves about, as though  
They were loath for to let thee go,  
O chide them not, and bid away,  
For then for grief they will grow gray.

To JULIA to expedite her promise.

SInce 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shreive  
Why this Reprieve?

Why doth my She-Advowson flie  
Incumbency?

Panting Expectance makes us prove  
The Anticks of benighted Love,  
And withered Mates when wedlock joynes,  
Th' are *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th' loynes,  
To play ( alas ! ) but at Rebated Foynes.

To sell thy self dost thou intend  
By Candle end?  
And hold the contract thus in doubt,  
Life's Taper out?

Think but how soon the market failes;  
Your Sex lives faster than the males,  
As if to measure Age's span  
The Sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,  
Whil'st You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

Now since you bear a Date so short  
Live double for't.

How can thy Fortresse ever stand  
If't be not man'd?

The Seige so gaines upon the Place,  
Thou'lt find the Trenches in thy Face.

Pitty thy self then, if not me,  
And hold not out, least (like *Ostend*) thou be  
Nothing but Rubbish at Deliverie.

The Candidates of *Peter's* chair  
   must plead gray hair,  
 And use the Simony of a cough  
   To help them off;  
 But when I woe thus old and spent,  
 I'le wed by Will and Testament.  
 No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd,  
 The greatest Honours on the aged hurl'd  
 Are but gay Farlowes for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me  
   Is Legacie;  
 Not one of all those rav'nous houres  
   But thee devoures.  
 And though thou still recruited be,  
 Like *Pelops*, with lost Ivorie;  
 Though thou consume but to renew,  
 Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Herriot due.  
 That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe  
   By that soft gripe.  
 And those regealing christal spheares.  
   I hold thy teares  
 pledges of more distilling sweets,  
 The Bath that ushers in the sheets,  
 Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wise)  
 Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes  
 To cure the spittle-world of maladies.



## CHRONOSTICHON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis, tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana,  
*Anno Dom. MDCXLVIII.*

Ter Deno JanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente  
 CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeGVre.

CHARLES — ah forbear, forbear ! lest  
 Mortals prize

His Name too dearly ; and Idolatrize.

His Name ! Our Losse ! Thrice cursed and forlorn  
 Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign ! — hold !  
 lest Out-Law'd Sense

Bribe. and seduce tame Reason to dispense  
 With those Celestial powers ; and distrust  
 Heav'n can Behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murther'd !  
 — Tremble ! and

View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land,  
 Court, City, Country, nay, three Kingdomes run  
 To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murther'd at  
 His Gate !

Fell Feinds ! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck't-State !

Strange Body-Politick ! whose Members spread,  
And, Monster-like, swell bigger than their H E A D.

CHARLES of Great Brittain ! He ! who was  
the known  
King of three Realms, lie's murther'd in his Own.  
He ! He ! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,  
Die'd here to re-Baptize it in His Bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall Eccho all  
The Rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall  
Great Christendome ne're Pattern'd ; and 'twas  
Strange  
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Brittain blind, each well-set Limb  
By Dislocation was lop't off in H I M.  
And though She yet live's, She live's but to condole  
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

RELIGION put's on Black, Sad LOYALTY  
Blushes and Mourn's to see bright Majesty  
Butcher'd by such Assassins ; nay both  
'Gainst GOD, 'gainst LAW, ALLEGIANCE,  
and their O A T H.

Farewel sad Isle ! Farewel ! thy fatal Glory  
Is Summ'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

## AN ELEGIE

*Vpon King CHARLES the First,  
murthered publikely by His Subjects.*

**W**Ere not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred blood,  
It might be drown'd in this prodigious flood;  
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,  
It leaves my *soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;  
Where my *Faith* resting on th' *Originall*,  
Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall;  
So while my *Faith* floats on that *Blondy wood*,  
My reason's cast away in this *Red flood*,  
Which ne're o'reflowes us all: Those showers past  
Made but Land-floods, which did some vallies wast;  
This stroke hath cut the onely neck of land,  
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,  
That covers now our world, which cursed lies  
At once with two of *Egypt's* prodigies;  
O're-cast with darknesse, and with bloud o're-run,  
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done;  
Th' inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,  
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:  
Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,  
Voided all Forms, left but privation  
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;  
Brought in *Hells State* of fire without light:  
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,  
Washing their Loyal hearts from bloud so shed;

The which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,  
 To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*.  
 Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries ;  
 For *Beauty* bloudlesse cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.  
 All colours soil, but black, all odours have  
 Ill scent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave* :  
 It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much  
 The cleaner made, by a religious touch  
 Of this *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,  
 Seems the Judaical impiety.  
 To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints  
 His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints :  
 But the truth is, He fear'd, and did repine,  
 To be cast out, and back into the Swine :  
 And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends  
 His malice in this Act, against his ends :  
 For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent  
 Out of that body, He would still torment :  
 Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,  
 Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good ;  
 Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies ;  
 We easily may the world and death despise :  
 Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,  
 Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.  
 And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one  
 Weapon yet left, to guard Him to His Throne ;  
 In His great Name, then may His Subjects cry,  
*Death thou art swallowed up in Victory* ;  
 If this our losse a comfort can admit,  
 'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfir,

For his enlarged Head, since his distresse  
Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse;  
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing  
For him, who was become so great a *King*:  
So the same hands entron'd him in that *Crown*  
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:  
And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more,  
Than ere men- falshood promis'd to restore;  
Which, since by death alone he could attain,  
Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain;  
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,  
Might make his passage quick, ne're move his heart,  
Which ev'n expiring, was so far from death,  
It seem'd but to command away his breath.  
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,  
Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud  
Of flesh and bloud; and from the highest line  
Of humane virtue, pass'd to be divine:  
Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,  
Than the high glories of his present state;  
Since both then passe all Acts, but of belief,  
Silence may praise the one, the other grief.  
And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse  
Than Diamonds, will serve us to impresse,  
I'le onely wish, that for his Elegie,  
This our *Josias*, had a *Jeremie*.

## AN ELEGIE

*The best of Men,*  
*On } And meekest of Martyrs,*  
*CHARLES the I. &c.*

**D**Oes not the Sun call in his light? and day  
 Like a thin exhalation melt away?  
 Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be  
 Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie  
 Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Bloud,  
 Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a Floud,  
 Not shoot through her affrighted womb, and make  
 All her convulsed Arteries to shake  
 So long, till all those hinges that sustain,  
 Like Nerves, the frame of Nature shrink again  
 Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun  
 Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,  
 And still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may  
 Themselves in bearded Meteors display,  
 Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be  
 The tapers at this black solemnitie?  
 You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,  
 Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse nurs't;  
 Fed by some Plague, which in blind Mists was hurl'd  
 To strew infection on the tainted World.  
 What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,  
 Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?  
 And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,  
 They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.

Say

Say sons of Tumult, since you thought it good,  
Still to keep up the Trade, and bath in Bloud  
Your guilty hands, why did you then not State  
Your Slaughters at some cheap and common rate?  
Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have  
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;  
And lop'd off Thousands of some base alloy,  
Whilst the same Sexton that enter'd their clay,  
In the same Urne their names too might entomb,  
But when on Him you fixt your fatal Doom,  
You gave a blow to Nature, since even all  
The flock of man now bleeds too in his fall.  
Could not Religion with you oft have made  
A specious glosse your black designs to shade,  
Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven when we  
Are suppld into Acts of Clemencie?  
And copie out the Deity agen,  
When we distil our mercies upon men?  
But why doe I deplore this ruine? He  
Onely shook off his frail Humanitie,  
And with such calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be,  
Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd than we.  
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,  
We onely died, He onely liv'd that Day:  
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become  
T'invest him with the Crown of Martyrdome:  
And death the shade of nature did not shroud  
His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,  
That who a Star in our Meridian shone  
In Heaven might shine a Constellation.

## Upon the Death of King CHARLES the First.

Great ! Good ! and Just ! could I but rate  
 My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,  
 I'd weep the world to such a strain,  
 As it should Deluge once again.  
 But since thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands supplies,  
 More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,  
 I'll sing thy Obsequies, with Trumpet sounds,  
 And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blond* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

*Written with the point of his Sword.*

## The Character of a London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of time: It is an *History* in *sippets*, the *English Iliads* in a nut-shell; the *Apocryphall Parliament*, book of *Maccabees* in single sheets; It would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extratt*; onely of the younger house, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*. The original *finer* in this kind was *Dutch*, *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans cu Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that lineage; so she spawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Westminster* rake them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontspiece of the old *Beldam Diurnall*, like the *Contents* of the *Chapter*, sittech the *House of Commons*, Judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the *King loves Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the month, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*.



*wealth.* It is taken for the pulle of the *Body politic*, and the *Emporick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those *spirituall Dragoones*, thumbe it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*: and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Drinnery*) trade in no larger *Authors*. The *Country Carrier*, when he buy's it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Urinnall*: yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the *Devill* and his *Exorcist*; or as a black *With* deth from a white one, whose office it is to unravel her *enchancements*.

It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law* still born, dropt before quickened by the *Royall assent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blows* (*Acts* being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than a *spanish Genner*, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue onely of the *Mother*, without the concourie of *Royall Insper*. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* say to the contrary.

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnall* is *plots*, horrible *plots*, which with wonderful sagacity it hunts drie-foot, while they are yet in their *causes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* look like a *Man-Midwife*) not yet delivered of so much as a *cushion*. But *Actors* must have their *Properties*; and since the *Stages* were voted down, the onely *lay-house* is at *Westminster*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers*, and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the land and water: Good conscionable *Intelligence*? For however *Pym's* bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the honest vermin have not so much for lying as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Butcher* in *More-fields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpus* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his out-lying *ears*, and the *Oraculous* of the *Spirit*, discovered such a plot, that *Jelden* intends to con-hate *Amiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Goose* that preserved the *Capitall*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lye*, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the *Tower*. It would doe well to cram the *Articles Dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those *Beasts of the Pre-rogative*,

rogative, and changing their profane names of Harry and Charles into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his office, should fall to paring his *Brows*, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both. This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this scale of *Voices*.

Resolved upon the *Question*, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the representative fore-head of *Isaac*.

Resolved; that the *evill Counsellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are possibly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a publick *Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaac's Brow-amblers*: and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age fight with the *Windmills* of their own heads? quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make *plots* and then discover them: as who fitter to unkennell the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier*, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebels Romance*, stories of a larger size than the cares of their *Self*, able to strangle the belief of a *Solidian*.

I'll present them in their order: and first as a *Whiffler*, before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trode the stage with the first, travest his ground, made a leg, and *Exit*. The *Countryspeople* took him for one that, by *Order of the Houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West of England*. Well, he is a nimble *Gentleman*, set him upon *Banks* his horse in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the *Centaur* shewes better tricks.

There was a *Vote* passing to translate him, with all his equipage, into *Monumental-Ginger-bread*; but it was crossed by the *Female Committee*, alledging, that the *Valour* of his Image would bite their children by the *Tongues*.

This *Cubir* and half of *Commander*, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon doe it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his *Sword*, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the *Squib* is run to the end of the *Rope*, Room for the

*Prodigy*

*Prodigy of Vallour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Waller's Knight errantry*: and because every *Mountebank* must have his *Zany*, throw him *Hasslerig*, to set off the story, these two, like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes worshipped in the same Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sierndbold* murder the *Psalms*, with another to the same, one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the *Saints-bell*.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Manslayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch-Headsmen, that he would doe his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head after execution should stand upon the shoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack to, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*: This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnals Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalkes with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Oxellency himself is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: translate but the Sceneto *Round-way Down*, There *Hasslerig's* Lobsters were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna to Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Testament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muster Master uses no other List than the first Chapter of *Matthew*. *a list of the Iudans.*

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrewes*? This *Cromwell* is never so valourous, as when he is making speeches

for the Association: which neverthelesse he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomet* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey too by his bloody beak: his Nose is able to trie a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glitters: What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall in him, to kill without blood-shed: for most of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking glasse would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deales with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument; then down goes dust and ashes: and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave Oliver! Times Voider, sub-sizer to the Wormes: in whom Death, who formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquesse of Newcastle*: nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his bill of fare; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge* Teem of Committee-men, and he doth wonders. But holy men (like the holy Language) must be read backwards. They riddle Colledges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for edification. But Sacrilege is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwel* for Cathedrals, as well as Abbeys: a secure sin whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hang'd for Church-robbery, which gives it self the benefit of the Clergy.

E. 4 But for all *Cromwels* Nose weares the *Dominical Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the vigils to an Holy-day. This, this is the man of God; so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would stile him the Archangel, giving battell to the Devil.

Indeed, as the Angels, each of them makes a severall species, so every one of his souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a coward to wink, and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds: it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocall gene-

generation: for the Devill in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son: so his godlinesse is of the same parentage with good Lws, both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, *Thou art my Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother University; and (if this Scotch mist further prevail) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, because both are strung with the same *Optique nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebell! who will be revenged upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of his Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwayes beat the Giant: that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*, or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-toes; such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the *Beast*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten those that he vanquisht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State-sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houle he sate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cause; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*.

And now I speak of Reformation, you see a Fox, the Tinker, the liveliest Embleme of it that may be, For what did this Parliament ever goe about to reform, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tettors and Ring-worms of the State.

I will close up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like  
G the

the Magicall Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last but a Trumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty, are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*, but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

## The Character of a Country-Committeeman, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.

A Committee man by his name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in his name to make an Epithere for Légion; he is *persona in concreto* (to borrow the solecisme of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the Red Bull phrase, and speak as properly, enter seven Devils *solus*: It is a well-truss'd title that contains both the number and the Beast. For a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as monstrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason: For his office, it is the Heptarchy, or *Englands Fritters*; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, onely the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and he rings the change; here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is harmony in discord, the triple headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant: There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Crosse, there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prays backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every Curse drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be wayved, whose conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the question, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is lesse execution by a single bullet, than by case-shot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured Officer, he must be drawn like *Ianus* with Crosse and Pile in his countenance,

he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleeing the Country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a fluttering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vulturs. Me thinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram resemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a Helmet: Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches, but the more preposterous, the more in fashion: the right hand fights while the left rules therein: The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentlemen are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governours Matrosse to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with sinews of War for his chief use, to raise Assessments in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unless she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternaturall, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of *Armes* is like his Coat, *partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and degluing face, a squeezing look, like that of *Vespassianus*, as if he were breeding over a close-stool. Take him thus, and he is in the Inquisition of the purse; an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body Politick, that swells self to the consumption of the whole: At first indeed he serret-

ed for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himself, he lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a good standing-dish too, he verifies the Axiom, *Isidem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion, as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Mol Cut-purse*, as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutchman : gets a Noble of him that was never worth sixpence, for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch like, he will be dreyning even in the dryest ground ; he aliens a Delinquents estate with as little remorse, as his other Holiness giveth away an Heretics Kingdome, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of Infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commission ; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him, like Dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth he is the universal Tribunal : for since these time all causes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases turn off to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the *Parliament* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike ; as the Interest often eats out the Principall. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right, it is his due : but by the same title, as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when such cattel would have hardly have been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unless the old Proverb were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some threds of charity : But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction ! like Fiddlers, who are rogues when they go single ; and joynd in consort, gentlemen Multitioners. I care not much if I untwill my Committeeman, and so give him the receipt of this grand Catholicon.

Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman, transgressing the *Magna Charta* of del-



ving *Adam*. Add to these a mortified Bankrupt, that helps our his false Weights with some scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his Prince with a *Mene ekel*. These with a new blue-stockings'd Justice lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short handed Clerk, tackt to the Rear of him to carry the Knap sack of his understanding, together with two or three Equivocall Sirs, whose Religion like their Gentility is the extract of their Acres, being therefore spirituall, because they are earthly; nor forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives the *Hogan* to the sincere Juncto. These are the simples of this pretious compound, a kind of Dutch hock potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a Setter hight, a Sequestrator, of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, where he treads the grasse grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fishes for the Publique, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the guller, and to make him disgorge A Sequestrator! He is the Devils Nut hook, the sign with him is alwayes in the clutches. There is more Monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physitians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Fever, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Grift. Never till now could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death it self cannot quit scores with him, Like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water sined by Widdows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcisme to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiend your bloud; Nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my inbolst Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before; Or else he meets his passing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-founded Garrison; For the Hedge Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his commons and bites

off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his desert : For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicking for the third. A Committee man is the Counter-point, his mischief's superfetation, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruins the Father, beggers the Son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

### A Letter to a Friend, Disswading him from his attempt to marry a N U N N.

S I R,

**T**Hough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on shore, and give you possession of this breast, yet I know not whether with the usual complement I may welcome you home. as doubting your Country may have mew'd that relation in so long an absence, she having expos'd her noblest Issue, being conviction enough to make you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new face of things since your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now the Kingdome, *To be a stranger at home*; insomuch, as were you design'd for a second journey, it might be part of your businessse to travell other Countries in quest of your own. Indeed she is such an Alien in her looks, that most of her Off-spring dare not ask her blessing; her countenance is not denizen of her self, you would think her to be some floating Island, that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandish visage. Some, who have spell'd her lineaments say, she copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to instance in our *Hogen Governours*. It is in a broken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking-glasse, where instead of one face, that Monark-like should represent the whole, you may see variety of lesser ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner she is, and her complexion borrowed; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens stand still, the same may be said of this State of ours, and the Royall train that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You were fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its settled posture, there is no

defection in him that quits it, it having first abandon'd its self. In this case, though it be a fallacy in the sence, it holds good in reason, that the shore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you see, Sir, there is some possibility I might reverse your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the sage experience you have treasur'd up in your observations: for no sooner had you lost your native soil, but by way of reprisall you took in others. The Dominions you visite you carry along with you, and by a victorious industry make them pay tribute to your understanding: not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return so empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like Witches in the air, were nothing but the wastage of a deluded phant'sie, perswading themselves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they sail by is nothing else but a slumbering imposture. But me thinks we are too grave Sir, what if we unbend awhile, and presume to tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure so much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it self were more exotick, or the form of accosting it: For although it be naturall for Jealousie to study fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Mistressse tenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amorous visit manag'd with the caution, which suspicious Kings use in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not un-fily be rearm'd *Cupids* barriers, breathing exercise rather than a combate, where the dallying Champions have a rayl to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermost. Had your old Romancing spirit posselt you, the brandish'd blade would have freed the Lady from her enchanted durance; nor had you been lesse concerned in the rescue than the fair Recluse; for who, that blows short in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience should be sever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himself like another *St Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But see how customes vary with the clime; as there are some Regions who salute one another by putting off their shoes instead of their hats, so it seems where you have been, there is as different a form of imprisonment: the Prisoner is at large and without the grate wishing for admittance, and she, at whose sute his soul is arrested, close clapt up and bridged of liberty. Sure at this grate those *Chrysen-lovers*, called *Platonicks*,

had their first training, those queasie gamsters that diet themselves with the aery notion of mingling souls, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kissing of hands, and twisting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of those puling stomacks, you have an appetite for a whole Cloister, It is but trifling sport for you to pull down an Out-lier, unlesse you leap the pale, and let slip at the heard. I wonder what exorcisme the Abbess used to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had she not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turnd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in sober sadnesse why a *Nunn*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that solitary creek! Princes seldome treat of Matches but in forrein Dominions, your affection takes greater state as fixing upon one of another world; had your passion been centred on the beauty of her soul, I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion, such a love might justly have been christened by the name of Zeal, being settled on a person, on whom to be enamoured is in sort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not some who suspect your Religion, least equivocating from the beauty of her person, to that of her profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in generall, for fear least with *Luther* you should marry a *Nunn*, and so with him to make her a Jointure in a new Religion. If this be your plot, consider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of game, even rust and rottenness are flourished over with a seeming verdure; Not one of all those beldame heresies, that did penance formerly by the doom of the Ancients but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and giveth her self out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may spare this piece of counsell: I dare be your compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fir'd your spirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aspiring frenzy, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgie did you frame your courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous, nor will it avail to say, you languish without her compassion: A sensuall man is able to viciate the vestall flame even by his martyrdom. Other lovers, in the jollity of their trope, use to canonize their

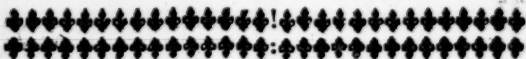
Mistresses,

Mist  
cheek  
crati  
no r  
prop  
recti  
bow  
back  
fame  
guil  
itari  
that  
prot  
her  
dist  
tre  
on  
you  
you  
vor  
for  
on  
tha  
ho  
fli  
gu  
tra  
ra

Mistresses, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them, will you run counter to that consecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addresses? If you have no room in your Calender for persons upon earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of heaven, as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition, were with our modern Reformers to bow it into Atheisme. Let me advise you Sir, to retrieve your self back from this carnall sacrilege. Catch not at *Herostratus* his fame, by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute not a share of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second fall of Angels: Nay, never start Sir, nor look about at the expression; for I perswade my self, that those Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, should they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a person how to distinguish betwixt the Charge and the Guardion. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my phant'sie suggested upon this subject, I would mould into Number: but I must beg your pardons, it being a request with which to comply were to be your fellow criminall, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muse is vowed and veild too, she is set apart for the service of my Mistresse, and what is that, but even true Religion. The truth is she is so charily confined to that sole employment, that should I in verse attempt to yeeld you an accompt how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a dislick, whereas in transitory prose, were I Master of all those Languages, which I make no question but you have gain'd by your travels, I should hold them all too few to give you sufficient assurance that I am,

Sir,

Your most faithfull.



## LETTERS.

SIR,

**T**Hough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Fryday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 143-0-8. this precise summe I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdom might own the monies, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sancturay, and upon the audit find the receipt, we may happily account it a lone, and not a loss, it being in hands responsible for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall; if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed, If you dare; I shall wish you more such servants, and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours,

W. E.

## The Answer.

**S**ixty, beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow labourer in the Gospel is start aside? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, or in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*; Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Also this should teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavilliers, it had been

just

just, then the Israelite had spoiled the *Ægyptian*: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that--that! You see Sir what use I make of your doctrine you sent to me, and indeed since you change stile so far as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expected to hear from you in the phrase of the lost Groat, and the Prodigall Son, and in such a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, now and then a little harlotry Rhetorick: you say, that your man is entred our Ark, I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single, The text had been better satisfied if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it seems, a 133-Q-8. sure the Hue and Cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath else before it had reached the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it the precise sum, since it is fallen away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What year of the persecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the shekels, that is the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speak of. For that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of ease, not the mother Church, our Garrison of *Newark*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacriledge. Whereas you count the losse but a loan, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsey, when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate, so what say you to an occasionall meditation? Reflect but on your self, how you have used our common master, and I doubt not, but then you will pardon your man: he hath but transcribed and copied out the disloyalty his master and his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants; and more such summes to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

Sir,

**H**AD not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell. I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not safe nibbling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake, like a mighty Colosse (whose every motion doth *Gleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devour indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsell, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Character, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Y<sup>e</sup> allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the provision of so many savory lessons, wholesome instructions, even so many pious collections; as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable subsistence of a well gleb'd Vicaridge. besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tell how great such a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender I dare not touch; Pity it is such accomplish'd gifts, and prodigious Parts should be misemploy'd in secular affairs, such an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother Church of *Newmark*, as your party hath of late done *Garrisons*, and converted as many soules as *Chaucers Fryer*, with the shoulder-bone of the lost sheep. But you say you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected penitentiall language and humble stile. The great I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addresse full of complaints. Sir, we (like your selves) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuity confesse them: though I for modesty will not ask you who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that - for that precise sum, I see you are willing to quarrell at precisenesse, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very — How you quarrell at your good, had you mistaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at our Chappel of ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part for his forwardnesse, and put it upon the stile of contribution for his Majesties good *Garrison of Newmark*.



I should have liked the security well, and when your works had failed to save you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophaneſſe can compact with mudd to caſt up a trench of ſecurity, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at ſtars, to throw that Proverb at you,

*Be wiſe on this ſide heaven.*

## The Answer.

THE Philoſopher, that never laughed but once, when he ſaw an Aſſe mumbling of thiſtes, would have broke his ſpleen at the rejoinder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, obſerving how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letter, leſt it ſhould prick your chops. But ſomething muſt needs be repy'd: Repetitions are uſuall with the Saints at *Grantham*, I look upon your letter as a ſpittle ſermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your ſelf a clean beaſt, becauſe you know how to chew the cud: For the firſt ſentence, where you ſpeak of troubled ſpirits, and ſacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* exaſie, certainly your ſpirit is troubled, elſe your expreſſion had not run ſo muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if poſſible. to be reconciled to ſence. The wit which you lay may be truſſed up in an egg-shell, I fear your oval crown hath ſcarce capacity to contain; you diſclaim being a Colloſſe, content, I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you pleaſe. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen ſhall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land* liſe *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer play's the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull ſheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jeſt in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you *Cleave the Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave

cleave it's impression; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unlesse you play *presto be gon*, your run-away-King may cause you Juglers-wile to disgorge your fate, and vomit a rope instead of Inkle. But to eccho your compassion, and return you an inventory of your good party; Is it not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in the Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the sick mans salve, and the crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity. Is it not pity such pious gogle at the Eye, such a melodious twang at the nose, such a splay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, besides cheverall lungs which still stretch forth so farre as a seventeenthly. Is it not pity these gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocese as that of Hidebery, that those ineffable parts that passe all understanding, should thus be sequestred from the primitive use, and of a godly Lance-prefade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, such a walking Directory, such a zealous Roger as this, might have saved more soules than ever *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Asse: your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground, and the holy coyn with a squemish preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotbam's* barn is not as good a congregation as Saint *Paul's*; for the holy coyn you must pardon me if I suspect the chastity of your fingers, I am sure those of your party have been troubled with fellows, witnesse the Church-revenues, and severall sacriedges that cannot be pared off with your nailes; But there is another reason why I abtain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have had your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to doe it, and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove mountaines: for your advice, not to throw stars at your head, I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is goose-shot

to be had for money, my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, onely I am sorry, that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self,

Sir,

*your servant*

Jo. Cl.

---

FINIS.

---